

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 24, No. 23.

Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, December 28, 1905

\$1.00 A Year

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## NOTES BY THE WAY

Up to Stony Bottom on a Ministerial Pilgrimage

A Useful Miller, and a Daughter of the Revolution

Saturday morning December 24 I looked as if everybody was moving and when I reached the Marlinton station it seemed to me as if I could not see the people for the people. An air of cheerfulness seemed to pervade and bright hopeful faces were in vogue. The contrast of out of the cars and within the cars was very pronounced on that second morning of the new winter. And, by the way, where could anyone expect to find anything newer than a new winter! No sooner seated in the rear-coach I was joined by George Sharp, one of the Marlinton teachers last winter. He had been on a hurried visit to his brother Somers, a student at Marshall College, Huntington. The records show the present attendance to be eight hundred and by the opening of the spring term one thousand are looked for. Many and costly improvements are planned and some already commenced. Mr. Sharp had been a pupil two terms and hopes to resume and finish the course ere long. At present he is business at Durbine.

He gave me to understand however that he had recently heard a good deal said about the contents of the ark of the covenant, and would be pleased to have my opinion. Such an inquiry opens up lines of investigation that require much painstaking research to reach satisfactory results even for receptive and docile minds, to say nothing of those predisposed to love darkness rather than light, and contend earnestly for distinctions without essential differences. Recent researches in the history of that ark of the covenant and its contents along with other articles of temple furniture at the time of the final Babylonish captivity awaken reflections of possibilities too wonderful for expression. Nothing to a devotee of Bible teaching pure and absolute is more interesting and reassuring than to see so many indications of the youth of our country becoming aware more and more of the fact that the Bible is the book with which humanity is to stand or fall, in science, politics and faith in the Unseen One, and our human relations to Him, and to one another.

In the meanwhile Stony Bottom is announced, and as it turned out I was the only passenger having that place for my destination. It grieved me to find that my faithful young friend Robert Wilfong had come near losing his left hand by a rip saw a few days previously. Pleasant it was to find that Duncan Moore with his twice broken leg was making a safe and rapid recovery. A walk of three-fourths of a mile brought me to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Meeks, where a nice dinner was enjoyed; and much of the afternoon passed in jotting these notes.

While absorbed in writing I felt something tugging at my shoes and then crawling upon my shoulder, but thought it was a kitten and paid it no special attention. All at once a brushy something tickled my nose and eyes as a pet squirrel jumped down on my writing pad and came near putting its nose in my mouth as it raised itself up to see what it all meant.

A brief tramp brought me to the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Meeks where it had been arranged to pass the night.

Patrick Henry Meeks is verging the 90th year of his age but is as active as a man thirty years younger might be expected. He is a native of Nelson County, Virginia, and came to Pocahontas in the early sixties at the instance of the late John W. Warwick, Esq. He repaired and operated the Clover Lick Mill and made himself useful that when he was taken to Grafston as a prisoner of war the Union people sent mes-

sages to the authorities to have him released and sent back, which was done. During the war he repaired and operated the Dunmore mill and repaired the Brussey mill near Greenbank, now Hevener's mill.

Mrs. Mary Meeks is a granddaughter of Benjamin Fitzgerald, who died in the twenties, a resident of Nelson County, at the age of ninety-five years, with all his faculties but little impaired by the infirmities due an age so advanced. He was a soldier of the Revolution from start to finish after Jefferson's own heart. Among the stories his granddaughter heard him tell was to the effect he and his comrades had been on a forced march nearly three days without rations. He noticed an officer seemed to be eating something, and Private Fitzgerald, in his famishing desperation, remarked he thought it was a hard case that officers should have something to eat and the privates left to starvation. The officer put his hand in his haversack and said he would be glad to divide all he had to eat. Pulling out a handful of white corn he it to the astonished soldier, remarking that was the kind of rations he was living on at that time. The soldier became reconciled and as he chewed the corns he felt that what was good enough for such a generous officer ought to be good enough for him, and was as ready as ever to fight, bleed and die under his command.

Considering the storm of mingled snow and rain, the flooded streams and muddy roads an audience of forty or fifty persons was present for public worship Sabbath morning at the Alexander Memorial Chapel. Everything considered this was a phenomenal assembly, and a half-hour was spent in comments on Romans 10, 8-10.

After services Dallas McLaughlin took me in hand, led "Old Kit" up to the style and soon we were climbing the foothills of Cheat, where he and his family have their ideal home. Far over head and around the sombre summits of Cheat the storms were wildly flinging their banners, and the clouds were with "fury driven" eastward. A rousing fire in an old fashioned fireplace, a nice new organ, and a profusion of potted plants in the company room; then in the dining room a table whose dishes challenge comparison for real satisfying merit, and finally the couch of downy softness devoted to balmy sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," seemed to prompt the query can it be possible that a minister in these mountains have all this and heaven too as he makes a Sabbath day's journey.

When the time for family worship came it seemed so in keeping with the history of the day to read the thirty-fourth Psalm and contrast what was then with what is now, when it was indited, now when it was being read. It was something to fill our minds with wonder and surprise to recall a few of the many reasons why we should bless the Lord, at all times and why His praise should continually be in our mouths.

**A Skin Game.**  
"Things are not always what they seem," said an officer of one of the big leather companies the other day at a gathering of leather men. "Once upon a time there were six good little goats in a field. They died young, like all good little goats with good skins, and the fellow who was responsible for their death shipped those skins to a tannery. When they came out the skin of one little goat was an elephant's hide that of the second little goat was a monkey skin, that of the third was a seal skin, the fourth a sea lion, the fifth a green frog skin and the skin of the sixth came out a beautiful walrushide."—New York Times.

Married, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilkerson, of Covington Va., Mr. Elias J. Harrington and Miss Gertrude Y. Lawrence, by Rev. Clyde Shelman. The bride is a daughter of W. E. Lawrence of Frankfort,

**An Arabian Nightmare**  
O the Caliph-rum-Boodle, of Swilking Swoe,  
Lived a quiet and peaceable life.

For he vowed that each morning these things he would do:  
He'd read from the Koran a chapter or two,  
Then murder his favorite wife.

So, being a tidy, methodical soul, He made early rising his pride, When sipping his coffee and nibbling a roll  
And reading a text from his favorite scroll,  
He'd summon his favorite bride.

"Come hither, come hither, my favorite wife,  
And fear not the words that I say,  
But kindly deliver my favorite knife."

But the favorite answered, "Not on your life!"  
(For that was her favorite way.)

"But why dost thou cavil, my soul's own delight!  
When my first morning's task I would do!"  
"I claim," she would answer,  
"my favorite right;

To spin, in the mode of Arabian Night,  
Your favorite story to you."

"Make haste!" he would answer,  
"Remember it's Monday  
Whereat the fair lady began,  
"There once was a Princess of Salmagundi

Named Kall Alish ben Zozou el Sandi,  
Her father the King of Gazan.

"The Princess had suitors and lovers a score,  
But none she could easily pick."  
(Here the lady her story related no more  
For the Caliph of Swoe was beginning to snore—  
For that was his favorite trick.)

And when from his slumbers at length he awoke  
Untroubled his peaceable brow,  
As he asked the chief eunuch to powder his nose,  
And it was delightfully safe to suppose  
That he had forgotten his vow.

For, being the kindest and gentlest of men,  
Through long years of plenty ruled he,  
And the people of Swoe mourned unceasingly when  
He died at the age of one hundred and ten,  
And his wife at one hundred and three.

—Metropolitan Magazine

**A Turkish Lunch**  
I shall never want another Turkish lunch. The cooking apparatus was in a little lunch-room, near the bazaar, and it was all open to the street. The cook was slovenly, and so was the table and it had no cloth on it. The fellow took a mass of sausage-meat and coated it round a wire and laid it on a charcoal fire to cook. When it was done, he laid it aside and a dog walked saddy in and nipped it. He smelt it first, and probably recognized the remains of a friend. The cook took it away from him and laid it before us. Jack said, "I pass"—he plays enghre sometimes—and we all passed in turn. Then the cook baked a broad, flat, wheaten cake, greased it well with the sausage, and started toward us with it. It dropped in the dirt, and he picked it up and polished it on his brooches, and laid it before us. Jack said, "I pass!" We all passed. He put some eggs in a frying-pan, and stood pensively, prying slabs of meat from between his teeth with a fork. Then he used the fork to turn the eggs with and brought them along. Jack said "Pass again." All followed suit. We did not know what to do, and so we ordered a new ration of sausage. The cook got out his wire, apportioned a proper amount of sausage meat spat on his hands, and fell to work! This time, with one accord, we all passed out. We said and left. That is all I learned about Turkish lunches. A Turkish lunch is good no doubt, but it has its little drawbacks.—Mark Twain.

## FATE OF WOMAN HELD FOR MURDER

To Be Decided By Supreme Court in January.

Charleston, W. Va.,—The State of West Virginia now wrestles with the same problem that Vermont solved in a bangling way December 8 and one which New Jersey also is considering. A woman sentenced to hang is pleading through her counsel for her life. The scales of the law weighed on one side by justice to be carried out on doubtful evidence, and on the other by the horror of the thought of hanging a woman, we balanced, awaiting the word that shall cause one side to sink. The case is now in the hands of Attorney General of the state at Charleston and is preparing the evidence to be taken before the Supreme bench of five justices in January when fate of the woman will be decided.

In the meantime Mrs. Sarah Ann Legg, the condemned murderer, is confined in the Monday Penitentiary awaiting her fate. She shows little emotion as the day draws steadily near for the hearing. She has passed through the ordeal of being tried and convicted, and further moves concern her little outside appearances. She is indifferent to all who address her, and refuse to talk of her case.

The crime of which Mrs. Legg was convicted was the murder of her husband. The evidence adduced by the state from the witness who were called shows that she and her husband were in their home in Clay County, West Virginia alone in the kitchen. The only witness two in number, were in the next room. The report of a gun was heard and the witness rushed in to find Legg stretched out on the floor, his lifeblood ebbing from a wound in the head. He died in a few minutes.

Mrs. Legg hysterically stated she had taken the rifle down from the wall to hand it to her husband to be cleaned, when it was discharged and the bullet struck him. She was arrested and tried.

There was little real evidence. Their life together had been a happy one. No angry words were heard to pass between them by the witness. The verdict of the jury was "guilty," and the Court's sentence was to hang by the neck until dead on July 7, 1905.

Mrs. Legg was removed to Moundsville. The appeal of her attorney to the higher Court was successful. If the verdict to the lower Court is affirmed, the remains one hope commutation of sentence by Governor Dawson.

She is not pretty. On the contrary, she is a plain, everyday woman of about 30, neat, however, in dress and with a quiet tone of voice that wins the sympathy of any one who approaches her. Tidy, at times, she sits in her cell and reads, not trashy novels, but newspapers. Her demeanor is that of a woman who will calmly meet the requirements of the law, just or otherwise. The sympathy of the people is with her and they may act through a petition if the decision is against her.

The preliminary trial of policeman McGuffin on the charge of robbing the Adams Express Co. at this place about three weeks ago was held before Justice Cushing Wednesday, who, after hearing the testimony sent him on to the grand jury, fixing the amount of his bail, in case he desires to give bail, at five thousand dollars. The exact values of the articles stolen as given at the preliminary trial is as follows:  
Diamonds and other jewels \$4,474.00 cash \$851.67; checks 1,150.03. Payment on the checks of course has been stopped and there can be no loss from them. An amount of money tallying closely to the amount stolen was found under McGuffin's carpet when he was arrested, but the jewels have not yet been located. —Covington Sentinel.

## The Wandering Jew

And so we came at last to another wonder, of deep and abiding interest—the veritable house where the unhappy wretch once lived who has been celebrated in song and story for more than eighteen hundred years as the Wandering Jew. On the memorable day of the Crucifixion he stood in his old doorway with his arms akimbo, looking out upon the struggling mob that was approaching, and when the weary Saviour would have sat down and rested him a moment, pushed him rudely away and said, "Move on!" The Lord said, "Move on, thou, likewise," and the command has never been revoked from that day to this. All men know how that the miscreant upon whose head that just curse fell has roamed up and down the wide world, for ages and ages, seeking rest and never finding it—courting death in vain—longing to stop, in city, in wilderness, in desert solitudes, yet hearing always that relentless warning to march—march on! They say—do these hoary traditions—that when Titus sacked Jerusalem and slaughtered eleven hundred thousand Jews in her streets and byways, the Wandering Jew was seen always in the thickest of the fight, and that when battle-axes gleamed in the air, he bowed his head beneath them; when swords flashed their deadly lightnings, he sprang in their way; he bared his breast to whizzing javelins, to hissing arrows, to any and to every weapon that promised death and forgetfulness, and rest. But it was useless—he walked forth out of the carnage without a wound. And it is said that five hundred years afterward he followed Mahomet when he carried destruction to the cities of Arabia, and then turned against him, hoping in this way to win the death of a traitor. His calculations were wrong again. No quarter was given to any living creature but one, and that was the only one of all the host that did not want it. He sought death five hundred years later, in the wars of the Crusades, and offered himself to famine and pestilence of Ascalon. He escaped again—he could not die. These repeated annoyances could have at last but one effect—they shook his confidence. Since then the Wandering Jew has carried on a kind of desultory toying with the most promising of the aids and implements of destruction, but with small hope, as a general thing. He has speculated some in cholera and railroads, and has taken almost a lively interest in infernal machines and patent medicines. He is old, now and grave, as becomes an age like his; he indulges in no light amusements save that he goes sometimes to executions, and is fond of funerals.

There is one thing he cannot avoid; go where he will about the world, he must never fail to report in Jerusalem every fiftieth year. Only a year or two ago he was here for the thirty-seventh time since Jesus was crucified on Calvary. They say that many old people, who are here now, saw him then, and had seen him before. He looks always the same—old, and withered, and hollow-eyed, and listless, save that there is about him something which seems to suggest that he is looking for some one, expecting some one—the friends of his youth, perhaps. But the most of them are dead now. He always pokes about the old streets looking lonely, some, making his mark on a wall here and there, and eyeing the oldest buildings with a sort of friendly half interest; and he sheds a few tears at the threshold of his ancient dwelling, and bitter, bitter tears they are. Then he collects his rent and leaves again. He has been seen standing near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on many a starlight, for he has cherished an idea for many centuries that if he could only enter there he could rest. But when he approaches, the doors slam with a crash, the earth trembles, and all the lights in Jerusalem burn

ghastly blue! He does this every fifty years, just the same. It is hopeless, but then it is hard to break habits one has been eighteen hundred years accustomed to. The old tourist is far away on his wanderings, now. How he must smile to see a pack of blockheads like us, galloping about the world, and looking wise, and imagining we are finding out a good deal about it! He must have consuming contempt for the ignorant, complacent asses that go skurrying about the world in these railroads and call it traveling.

—Mark Twain.

## Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to authority vested in me by decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, entered on the 28th day of November, 1905, in the chancery cause of Andrew Price vs. Samuel B. Woods, the undersigned special commissioner will on

Tuesday, January 9th, 1906, the first day of January term of the Circuit court of said county at the front door of the court house of said county proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder a tract of land situated on the West Branch of Greenbrier River containing 1000 acres known as the Woods' lands being that tract on which F. S. Wise & Co. have their mill and timber operation. The timber sold to F. S. Wise & Company and other rights granted to said Wise & Company are excepted from this sale.

Terms of Sale: So much cash in hand as will pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale and for the residue upon a credit of six and twelve months the purchaser giving interest bearing bonds with good personal security, in equal amounts, for the deferred payments, the title to the land to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McClintic,  
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, clerk of the circuit court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia do hereby certify that the above named special commissioner has executed bond as required by said decree.

J. H. Patterson Clerk.

State of West Virginia,  
Pocahontas county, ss:

At rules held in the clerk's office of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, on the first Monday in the month of December, 1905.

A. M. Oliver, administrator of the estates of X. X. Salvatore; Frank Steele; Joseph Lucca; Bertrin Saldonia; Antonio Saldonia, Joseph Rachelo, and Joseph Saldonia, Plaintiff

vs.

The unknown heirs of X. X. Salvatore; the unknown heirs of Bertrin Saldonia; the unknown heirs of Pasqual Saldonia, the unknown heirs of Antonio Saldonia; the unknown heirs of Joseph Rachelo; the unknown heirs of Frank Steele; the unknown heirs of Joseph Lucca; unknown heirs of Joseph Saldonia, A. M. Oliver and A. R. Smith and Paul Smith, partners trading as A. R. Smith & Son. Defendants.

The object of suit is to obtain instructions how to administer the estate of the said X. X. Salvatore, Frank Steele, Jos Lucca, Bertrin Saldonia, Pasqual Saldonia, Antonio Saldonia, Joseph Rachelo and Joseph Saldonia, and to divide and apportion the fund of \$452.09, now in the hands of the plaintiff as administrator and determine the ownership thereof. This day came the plaintiff by his attorney, and on his motion, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the heirs of X. X. Salvatore, Frank Steele, Jos Lucca, Bertrin Saldonia, Pasqual Saldonia, Antonio Saldonia, Joseph Rachelo, and Joseph Saldonia, are unknown to affiant it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication hereof, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in the said estate.

Teste: J. H. Patterson, Clerk.  
Andrew Price, Sol.

## Elsie Meeks

This young girl, daughter of Mr and Mrs Howard Meeks, was stricken with diptheria a few months since and died at the age of thirteen years. The entire community was so much impressed by her decease that a number of those who witnessed her dying hours or have heard of the manner of her hopeful death wish a memorial sketch for preservation. She was a favorite with her relatives and acquaintances, attached to her as they were by her winning and lovable character. Upon realizing that she was given up to die, she called her father, mother, sisters and brothers to her bedside to say goodbye and promise to meet her in heaven where she would wait for them. While all around were in tears and bowed down by heart breaking grief, Elsie was calmly self-possessed and tried to comfort the mourning ones by saying to them that since the Lord had come for her she was willing to go wherever it was His will for her to follow Him.—She earnestly entreated her friends not to weep so much for her as it was her Saviour's will that she should be with Him where sickness and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared on more, or words to that purport. As mementoes she gave her ring to her little brother and fan to her little sister. After tearful promises given by her mother and brother Hoxie to meet her in the Hereafter, she kissed them both good bye. Thereafter it was but a few transient moments that the shadows hid her from their view, but Elsie was fearing no evil for she was safe in the arms of the Good Shepherd. —W. T. P.

## To Kill Rats.

George W. Barnhart was fined \$30 in federal court of Columbus for using the mails to boost a fake rat exterminator. He advertised that the best way was to lay a sponge near the hole and the rodents would eat it. The mice would then take on water enough in quenching their thirst to swell the sponge to an enormous size and kill them.

Dr. S. M. Steel, of Moundsville was unanimously elected to the superintendency of the Weston asylum for the insane, there being no other candidate for the position before the board. Dr. Steel recently completed a term as sheriff of Marshall county and was formerly physician at the State penitentiary. He is a member of the Republican State Committee, and prominent in the party councils. He succeeds Dr. A. H. Kune; who recently tendered his resignation after a four years term here.

U. S. Marshal Frank H. Tyree has announced the appointment of his deputies as follows: Maj. W. H. Lyons, chief deputy; T. A. McDonald, office deputy. Field deputies: D. W. Cunningham, with headquarters of Charleston, W. C. Summers, headquarters at Huntington. W. G. Hiskel, headquarters at Sutton. J. S. Burnett, headquarters at Bluefield. The Welch-McDowell district has not yet been assigned.

Wheeling, W. Va., Mrs. Henry Shaminski gave birth to twins yesterday morning, and an hour later Mrs. John Majeski, occupying the upper floor of the same house, gave birth to triplets, two girls and a boy.

The mothers and children are doing well. President Roosevelt will be notified.

Representative Gaines is on the two most important committees of Congress. The committee of Ways and Means and on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. It is said that he was violently opposed by our Senators, whose action is resented by the Congressman as unwarranted interference in a branch of the government where they have no official interest.

Highest price paid for hides at the Blue Grass Meat Market. G. W. Ascraft & Company. Marlinton, W. Va.